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ABSTRACT

The student booklet presents short case studies illustrating the acculturation unit of the Minneapolis Multi-Ethnic Curriculum Project for secondary schools. It is presented in nine chapters. Chapter I provides background information on immigration and points out ways acculturation takes place. Chapter II, "Barrio Boy," tells of life in a Mexican American neighborhood. Chapter III explores "Minnesota Norsk," the language of Norwegians in Minneapolis in the process of becoming Americanized. Chapter IV explains how a Vietnamese refugee family became self-sufficient. Chapter V is an autobiographical account of the life of William Hummel, a German immigrant. The success story of Fouad Sa'id, an Egyptian immigrant who designed a low-cost studio for making movies, is told in Chapter VI. A short biography of Levi Strauss is presented in Chapter VII. Chapter VIII tells of an Italian immigrant boy and his feelings of futility while hunting for a job. The final chapter suggests a learning activity in which the student plays the role of a State Vietnamese Resettlement Committee member and must recommend steps to be taken relating to education, employment, location, housing, and family services for the Vietnamese refugees. (CK)

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TENTATIVE

MINNEAPOLIS Multi-Ethnic Curriculum Project - ACCULTURATION UNIT.

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IX

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MINNEAPOLIS MULTIETHNIC CURRICULUM PROJECT

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TENDING THE "MELTING POT"

Almost from the beginning of our country shiploads of people came to the New World from all over the world. A number of men and women decided to cut off their loyalty to their native lands and take on a new nationality. The welcome for those who were of other than British stock was often unpleasant. Even Benjamin Franklin grumbled about the excessive number of Germans who were making their way to Pennsylvania. He complained that their strange language threatened the future of the English language in America.

During the years following the Revolution the stream of these kinds of immigrants coming to the United States from Europe grew. The flow did not begin to pick up real force until about 1850. It became greatest just after the turn of the century. In 1900, of the Nation's total population of 76 million, more than a third were of foreign birth or parentage. Even so the peak was not at hand. That came in 1907, when the number of European-born immigrants arriving in the United States during that year alone reached nearly 1.3 million. For the period between 1900 and 1920, the figure exceeded 14.5 million. Restrictive laws later slowed the flow. The millions of men and women flocking to America from Europe represented what has been described as the greatest mass movement of people the world has ever known.

They also represented a great challenge. As their number grew, so did the problem of assimilating them -- making them full-fledged members of American society. The search for a solution to this problem centered chiefly around the idea of the "melting pot." This idea was that these millions of individuals, with their different languages and folkways, would in some fashion become "Americanized."

The job of tending the "melting pot" was turned over to education. In a way that seemed to make sense. The most obvious defect of the newcomers was not being able to speak English. In 1909 more than half the students in a given classroom in the largest cities could not speak English. There were other complications as well. There was a growing dislike of these strangers with their foreign ways and empty pocketbooks. Many of the immigrants were so poor that they were often called a blight on society. When the chief areas of emigration began to shift from northern and western Europe to southern and eastern - large numbers of immigrants were Catholics and Jews. They were automatically seen by some Americans as evil and dangerous.

Also, the United States had changed from a rural society to an industrial one. The frontiers and farmlands largely opened up by Scotch, English, German, and Scandinavian immigrants were no longer available. So the "new" newcomers - the Italians and Poles and Czechs and Portuguese and Russians and Irish - looked for jobs in mining or factory towns. More commonly, they jammed into the cities, forming ethnic neighborhoods in slums. These slums were often very crowded.

There was cause for concern over the inability of so many to speak English. The overall problem, however, went beyond a lack of learning. Nonetheless, the schools were assigned the lead role in the "Americanization" drive.

At first things went poorly. The majority of individuals who needed to learn English were not of school age. They were adults, either holding down jobs or looking for them. They could not attend school during the day. Others were in locations with no schools. They worked as laborers in mining and logging camps and on railroad construction gangs.

In the cities the greatest number of immigrants came during the summer months, when the schools were closed.

Out of these situations came a number of changes. Some of these changes left a permanent mark on American education. Classes jointly sponsored by local school systems and individual companies were set up in factories and mills. There were "camp" schools for men working in places not close to regular schools. Many school systems started summer sessions. Most interesting of all was the establishment of night schools. The night school finally became a standard feature of American education.

Meanwhile outside the public educational systems "Americanization" schools were started by religious, philanthropic, patriotic, fraternal, political, and other private groups. Some of these were not effective. Most served a valuable purpose. They were especially helpful in the slums. The gangs of street children often went to these schools. With school attendance laws and child labor laws, these schools began to fade away. Almost every youngster was then either in public schools or in counterpart systems operated by Catholics, Protestants, or Jews.

With the passage of time and with smaller immigration - the cry for "Americanization" began to soften. So did the idea of the "melting pot." It was more attractive as a figure of speech than as a practical way of dealing with people.

The feeling began to grow that perhaps it wasn't really necessary for everyone to be melted down and made the same. The United States was more and more seen as a new kind of Nation. Unity among its people was based not on common race and religion, but on devotion to common purposes and ideals. In such a Nation it was possible for people to be different and still unified.

Mostly with blinks and hand motions and many smiles, we were introduced to Mrs. Dodson, the landlady. She led us into the house to our new apartment.

It had one large room, a kitchen and a closet that had been a bathroom. All the fixtures had been taken out except the bathtub.

The apartment was furnished. In the living room there were three single beds, an oil stove, a round dining table covered with checkered linoleum, a chest of drawers, and some chairs. In the kitchen there was a gas stove on a wooden platform, a table, and a bench. The bathtub in the big closet was covered with boards and a mattress on top of them. This was to be my room.

This was our home in a new land.

As usual when we moved into a new place, we dusted and swept and scrubbed floors, doors, woodwork, windows, and every piece of furniture.

The Americans, we discovered, put practically everything in cans. We spelled and sounded out as well as we could the names of unfamiliar foods, like corn flakes and Karo syrup. On the kitchen shelf we put the boxes and cans in order, thankful that the Americans used pictures we knew to explain words that we didn't.

Once the family was settled, my mother and I began to take

short walks. It was half a block in one direction to the lumber yard and the grocery store; half a block in the other to the saloon and the Japanese motion picture theater. In between were the tent and awning shop, a Chinese restaurant, a secondhand store, and several houses like our own.

It wasn't long before we went on walks around the park.

After we had learned our way around in the daytime we found signs to guide us at night. Soon we had no fear of getting lost.

We lived in the lower part of town. That was what everyone called our section of the city. Nobody ever mentioned an upper part of town. No one could see the difference because the whole city was built on level land. Lower Sacramento was the place that people who made money moved away from. Those of us who lived in it stayed because our problem was to make a living.

The lower quarter was not exclusively a Mexican barrio but a mix of many nationalities. Between L and N Streets two blocks from us, the Japanese had taken over. Their homes were in the alleys behind shops, which they advertised with signs covered with black scribbles. The women walked on the street in kimonos, wooden sandals, and white stockings. When they met they bowed. They carried babies on their backs, not in their arms.

Chinatown was on the other side of K Street. Our houses were old, but the Chinese stores, laundries, and restaurants were older still.

In the hotels and rooming houses the Filipino farm workers and houseboys lived. Like the Mexicans they had their own poolhalls, which they called clubs. Hindus stayed in the rooming houses, keeping to themselves. The Portuguese and Italian families gathered in their own neighborhoods along Fourth and Fifth Streets. Black men drifted in and out of town, working the waterfront. It was a mixture of colors and languages and customs that surprised me.

Although we, the foreigners, made up most of the population, the Americans had not all moved out. The bartenders, the rent collectors, the insurance salesmen, the landladies, and most importantly, the police—these were all Americans. So were the craftsmen, like the barbers and printers, who did not move their shops. The teachers of our one public school were all Americans.

Like ourselves, our Mexican neighbors had come here step by step, working and waiting. They talked of relatives who had been left behind in Mexico. Together we formed the colonia mexicana. In a few years the colonia grew and spread out from the lower part of town.

Crowded as it was, the colonia found a place for newcomers from Mexico. Like us, they came straight to the place where they could order a meal, buy a pair of overalls, and look for work in Spanish.

As poor refugees, their first concern was to find a place to sleep, then to eat and find work. In the barrio, our part

of town, they were most likely to find all three. Not knowing English, they needed information in a language they could understand. This information had to be picked up in bits and pieces.

Beds and meals for the newcomers were provided on trust, until they found jobs. Sometimes newcomers who had found work came back to pay us a few dollars for help we had given weeks or months before.

Because the barrio had a grapevine of job information, newcomers were able to find work and repay their debts.

In the barrio there were two kinds of jobs. There were the seasonal jobs. And there were the closer jobs to which you could walk or ride a bicycle. These were the best ones, in the railway shops, the canneries, the waterfront warehouses, the lumber yards, the produce markets, the brick kilns, and the rice mills. To be able to move from the seasonal jobs to the close-in work was a step up the ladder.

Once we had work, the next most important thing was to find a place to live we could afford. Ours was a neighborhood of leftover houses. The cheapest rents were in the back quarters of the rooming houses and the basements. They were one level up from the barns and tents where many newcomers lived.

We found the Americans as strange in their customs as they probably found us. When shopping, everything was in cans or in cardboard boxes. There were neighborhood grocery stores at the corners and some big ones uptown. The grocers did not

stand at the door and coax you to come in and buy, as they did in Mexico. The fruits and vegetables were on counters instead of being piled up on the floor. The stores smelled of fly spray and oiled floors, not of fresh pineapple and limes.

There were no concerts every Thursday, no Judases exploding on Holy Week, and no promenades of boys going one way and girls the other. When there were celebrations nobody set off rockets in the parks.

Even where people knew one another, the houses were fenced apart, without central courts to wash clothes, talk and play with the other children.

In more personal ways we had to get used to the Americans. They did not listen if you did not speak loudly, as they always did. In the Mexican style, people would know that you were enjoying their jokes if you merely smiled and shook a little. In the American style there was little difference between a laugh and a roar. Until you got used to them, you could hardly tell whether the Americans were roaring mad or roaring happy.

There were pleasant surprises of the American way. When a box of rolled oats was emptied, there was a plate or a bowl or a cup with blue designs. We ate the strange stuff regularly for breakfast and we soon had a set of the beautiful dishes. Rice and beans we bought in cotton bags of colored prints. The bags were washed, ironed, and made into towels, napkins,

and handkerchiefs. The American stores also gave small green stamps which were pasted in a book to exchange for prizes. We didn't have to run to the corner with the garbage; a collector came for it.

With fairness and wonder we kept adding to our list the pleasant and the bad in the ways of the Americans.

The older people of the barrio remained Mexican. Their language at home was Spanish. They were continuously taking up collections to pay somebody's funeral expenses or to help someone who had had a serious accident.

In the barrio there were no individuals who had official titles. We had a committee to organize the celebration of the Cinco de Mayo and the Sixteenth of September, the anniversaries of the battle of Puebla and the beginning of our War of Independence. These were the two events which were celebrated by everyone in the barrio. We were celebrating the feeling that we were still Mexicans. There was a dance, speeches, and a concert.

The politicians did not see to the daily needs of the barrio. This was done by volunteers—the ones who knew enough English to interpret in court, on a visit to the doctor, and who could help make out a postal money order. By the time I had finished the third grade at the Lincoln School I was one of these.

My clients were not Mexicans who had grown up in California. They had learned to speak English of sorts and could still speak Spanish, also of sorts. They knew much more about the

Americans than we did, and much less about us. The newcomers and these people had certain feelings about one another. The newcomers thought the others, pochos, considered themselves too good for the barrio but were not, good enough for the Americans. Toward the newcomers, they acted superior.

Turning pocho was a half-step toward turning American. And America was all around us, in and out of the barrio. We had to forget the old ways of shopping and learn those of shopping in a corner grocery or in a department store. The Americans paid no attention to the Sixteenth of September, but they made a big deal about the Fourth of July. The Cinco de Mayo was the most glorious date in human history. The Americans had not even heard about it.

NORWEGIANS IN A HURRY TO BECOME AMERICANS

"Hurry up nu, Orlin, og komme home right away. Time for supper!"

"Aw, mama, vi har ikke finisha gamen yet. Bare en few minutes more, please?"

"Come on og minde mig rett this minute. Papa kommer home fra work any minute og da spiser vi. Forstår du?"

Such exchanges often broke up young Norse-American baseball games. They might have sounded like jibberish to a new arrival from Norway. And they were senseless to Americans. To Norwegians living in ethnic clusters in Northeast Minneapolis, they were equal to any language. They were understood, which, after all, was all that counted.

Turn-of-the-century Norwegian immigrants who spoke in this manner were in a transition period. They added to their language the slang of a completely foreign tongue. The mastery of English was important in the fast-moving life and "new country" culture. What they spoke was called "Minnesota Norsk."

It was not a long-lived language. It lasted less than 50 years. During its days, it dominated communication in the home, on the street, in the market -- everywhere except in the churches, which kept the pure Norse speech.

There were drawbacks, though. Some words of Norwegian and English sounded the same but had different meanings. "Supper" was such a word. "Supper" sounded much like the Norwegian word "søpel" -- "garbage" -- which often was slurred in speech to "søper."

"Minnesota Norsk" was just the kind of "language" that could fill the gaps during the transition from one language to another.

These were people in a hurry to become Americans. Though they kept the memories of their homeland, they were becoming new persons. One way to accomplish it was to learn how to talk like Americans in whatever way they could.

These people learned a few American-English words each day. To use them, they had to draw on Norwegian to connect everything into usable thoughts.

It wasn't easy, but somehow it worked. Many went to night school to speed up the process. English classes were started in all neighborhood schools to furnish instructions in this country's speech. The classes were usually full.

Part of the teaching was on the basics of English grammar. Too often, these Norwegians skipped over such basics. Many pupils got completely lost early. What they didn't know in English, they could fill in with what they knew in Norwegian. This gave us "Minnesota Norsk."

Much business was conducted in "Minnesota Norsk," whether you traded with "Grocerer" Bakken for food or Eklund Clothing Company for men's garments. Eklund's clerks, all Scandinavians, seemed to read their customers' minds. A Norwegian man, coming in to buy only a suit would soon find himself looking at "den very latest in overcoats." There were stores for every tradesman, household, and individual need.

"Minnesota Norsk" also developed in the farming country. It was common that a farmer would "hitche opp teame" for a trip to town.

They shed all they could of their Norwegian characteristics and habits. They tried to fit into American life. Yet the newcomers retained memories of their folks and homes. Children were urged to

write Grandma and Grandpa.

Writing "home" to his grandparents, one youngster told of his glorious Fourth of July celebration. "We hadde all kinds of firecrackers som we shoota off hele dagen, og efter supper da det ble dark, shoota papa off many skyrockets og Roman candles."

The need for "Minnesota Norsk" rapidly went away after World War I. The "new" immigrants came ready to speak English. Many had been taught it as their second language from their early grades in school.

VIETNAMESE: HARD WORK PART OF NEW LIFE

The 10-member Nguyen Tuan family washed clothes by hand in their new home in Minneapolis. That was only for a little while.

The Tuans now have a washer, dryer, television, automobile, furniture and most of the other "necessities" of American life. They also are buying that $25,000 house in a pleasant city neighborhood.

Some of these things have been donated to the Tuans. But the refugee family is able to meet its needs nicely now. It has a yearly income of almost $31,000.

That income does not come easily.

Five members of the family, including mother and father, are working. Together, they have six unskilled jobs from janitor to housekeeper. They take the tasks and the late-night shifts that most Americans don't want.

"I have no choice," said Tuan, 51, who was a successful businessman in South Vietnam. "I have to work hard for our family. It's harder than my life in Vietnam."

The Tuans make more money than most refugee families because so many of them are working. But they are like others in their desire to work at almost any job.

Tuan came to Minneapolis last June with only his "bare hands," as he puts it. He asked his sponsors, "Where is my job?"

In Vietnam, Tuan ran an ice-cream business. In Minneapolis, he took work as a maintenance man. He works from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. for $3.25 an hour.

Tuan's wife, Xuan Oanh, is a housekeeper at a nursing home. Daughter Minh Phuong, 23, is a housekeeper at a hotel. Two sons Tien Dung and Quoc Hung, both in their 20s, are working as janitors. Dung also carries groceries part-time in a supermarket. Their pay ranges from $2.20 a hour to Tuan's $3.25 an hour.

"Even though the jobs don't match our abilities," said Tuan, "We have to keep them for a living -- food, housing, everything else. They are the first step in our new life."

Tuan has plans for the next steps. Although the jobs have delayed taking English classes for some of them, they must learn the language better. Most of the children must continue their educations. Tuan's personal dream is to start a new ice-cream business.

But now is the time for hard work. Tuan sleeps during the day. He walks his seven-year-old daughter to school. He gets up in mid-afternoon to walk his daughter home.

The Tuan family has no time for visiting with other Vietnamese people in the Twin Cities or for recreational activity.

Asked if he went to the city lakes last summer, he said, "I don't know where it is. I just know the road to go to work and back."

A good relationship between the Tuans and their sponsors helped the refugee family become self-sufficient more quickly than some families. The sponsors helped the Tuans when necessary, but let them assume responsibilities whenever possible.

The Tuans practiced riding the buses one Sunday so they would get to work the next day. Tuan did not shop in Vietnam. He had to take on that chore here. The Tuans cooked separately. Tuan took care of his bills.

The sponsors kept from placing any religious pressures on the Tuans. They did not even mention going to church. Now Tuan says he plans to become a Catholic, partly because he was not forced to do so.

"I don't like people to force me to do something," said Tuan. "Let me have a choice. Because I came here to get my freedom."

THE STORY OF WILLIAM HUMMEL

In November, 1844, when I was twelve, my parents emigrated to America. Naturally, they took me along with them. The land trip to the Rhine River was very agreeable and from there we traveled down the Rhine River to Rotterdam, Holland. On this trip I already was becoming "sea-sick." At Rotterdam we had to wait two weeks before we were able to get ship passage to New Orleans, because that was where we were going. We left on a large, American ship, together with over three hundred emigrants from all parts of Germany. We were required to provide our own food. When we were finally taken to the ship from the emigration house, we discovered that valuable articles of our clothing had been stolen. After we were on board ship, pilfering started. All smoked meat that was not locked up was stolen by the sailors.

On December 24, our ship sailed from Holland into the English Channel, where it had to lie at anchor overnight. There we were overtaken by a terrific storm. Much damage was done to our ship. However, we were lucky to return to port where all damage was repaired. But all this required three weeks. During this time we were not permitted to use any of our provisions, and we had to buy everything we needed. Those passengers who had no money were given the most necessary provisions by the Hollanders.

Our next venture out of port was better. We sailed the English Channel without event. All emigrants had to do their own cooking. This caused considerable trouble until we became accustomed to it. Finally everything went along smoothly.

The ocean voyage was a long one, made such by many storms and head winds. When we finally arrived at New Orleans, we had spent 138 days on

board ship. For a time the sailors as well as the emigrants had only pea soup to eat. A few of the ships that passed us on the ocean gave us some meat and flour to last us until we landed on an island, where we got enough food for the rest of our voyage. On our ocean trip twenty-eight persons died and seven babies were born.

In early March, 1845, we landed in New Orleans. After a brief stay there we boarded a river steamer for Cincinnati. There we worked in an uncle's vineyard, until the grapes had been harvested. Then we returned with relatives to New Orleans, where we traded eggs, fruit, and poultry. Everything went well for a year. Then my father died of yellow fever, and almost all that we had earned up to that time was lost. Mother was left with five minor children, of whom I was the oldest and able to earn something. I got a job in a drugstore, receiving $8.00 per month and meals.

Later I was sent to Cincinnati to learn a trade. My uncle apprenticed me to a harness maker. A short time later cholera broke out in the city. Fear gripped the people, and most business came to a standstill, and I had to look for other work. I did not want to go to my relatives, so I wandered around for many days until a trunk maker hired me as his apprentice to learn his trade. I was to receive $2.00 per week and feed myself. Naturally my clothes were very limited, and I could buy only the most necessary wearing apparel. Stockings and underwear could not even be considered then. As time went on my earnings increased, and I was able to dress better.

In 1850 I became a member of the Cincinnati Turner Society (a German men's social club), and my love for German customs was reawakened, for I had forgotten much of my German, having worked mostly with English speaking people.

The ideas of the Turner Society were mostly new to me, but I agreed with them.

I went to Chicago, which at that time was the city of the future. I immediately found a job with good pay. I joined the Chicago Turner Society at once. The first masquerade ball in Chicago was sponsored by the Turner Society and proved a great success.

Around this time there was a movement in the Turner Society to establish a colony for Turners. This was done at the next national Turner convention. After a committee looked around in various states and territories, the land lying on the Minnesota River, where New Ulm is now located, was chosen as the site of the Turner colony. It was now necessary that Turners settle on the site, and take possession of the land already purchased and necessary additional land. Turner William Pfaender was selected as leader of the colony. I immediately reported to Turner Pfaender that I was ready to go along.

On July 7 or 8, 1856, we left Chicago and arrived in New Ulm about the middle of that month. In the fall I took possession of a quarter section of land lying on a lake that was very beautiful then, and this was my home until 1868. It was hard in the beginning, as I had but a limited knowledge of farming, but I was willing to learn and enjoyed some success.

In 1859 I became acquainted with Miss Mary A. Erlenwein, and we were married in December of that year.

September 22, 1860, my first son was born. In August, 1862, the Indian outbreak came, which caused me great damage, but we escaped with our lives. I took part in the battle of New Ulm with the Indians. In the autumn I returned with my family to the farm, to save that portion of the crop that had not spoiled.

In the spring of 1868 I sold my farm to Carl Forster and moved with my family to New Ulm, where I became a partner in the drugstore of Wm. Siegler. That year I suffered a great loss - my dear wife died, leaving me with small children on my own. It was not an easy matter then to get someone to take care of the household and my children. However, with the help of friends, I found a girl to take care of these duties.

Everything went along nicely, until idle women mixed themselves into the matter, influencing the girl's parents by saying that it was not proper to let their daughter work in the house of a widower. This made it clear to me that I would soon be left alone again with my children. It prompted me to remarry sooner that I should have otherwise desired to. Miss Mary Stud, my housekeeper, was willing to become my wife and remain with us. We were soon wed.

A short time later the drugstore was sold to Doctor Weschcke, and I was forced to lose nearly one-half my investment. Shortly thereafter I opened a saloon and met with good success, soon making up for what I had lost. After eight years I sold the saloon to Edward Maltzahn, and went into the butter and egg business. In 1880 I helped establish the New Ulm Creamery Company, (Hummel, Koch, and Crone), and in the spring we built the creamery. It was hard work to get the business started, but every year showed an improvement, and we made huge profits. After six years I retired from the business, and with the capital received from the creamery, I started a small general store. With the help of my wife the business developed very well, although ten years passed before I was debt-free. Then my wife and I took a trip to Germany which ended well. In 1903 we sold our store to Ochs Brothers. I then retired from all active business.

THE MAN WHO SHOWED HOLLYWOOD HOW

In the Hollywood motion picture business, a grapevine alerts and warns everybody who is anybody. Lately that grapevine has been passing along a name that does not fit any past role in Hollywood. The man it belongs to is not an actor, director, or writer. You might say he is a man without a category. He is a fiery young Egyptian. He grew up in his uncle's movie studio in Cairo, and came to the University of Southern California at the age of 18 to study cinematography. He is also turning the Hollywood studios inside out.

Fouad Sa'id is now 36. The cause of all the talk about him is a revolutionary system he has developed for making movies on location at bargain costs. Sa'id started working on the system after becoming chief cameraman on a television show. Since then he has shown Hollywood how to compress a complete studio into a single mobile van. The van can be driven to any location anywhere, ready for use on arrival. The savings in this are great. In addition to making Sa'id millions of dollars, and winning an Academy Award for technical excellence as well, the system is creating sweeping changes. As president of the company that runs the system, Fouad Sa'id is forcing the most drastic change in moviemaking since movies started to talk.

Sa'id's breakthrough in costs comes in the nick of time for the film industry. American movie companies are shooting fewer major pictures than at any time in the recent past.

One reason for the decline is that movies cost more to shoot in the United States, particularly in Hollywood, than they do in other countries. Today's audiences are too selective and too small to pay

for Hollywood's luxury. Producers are seeking to offset these costs -- and at the same time meet the "new" audience's demand for real-life action in real-life backgrounds. This is done by going on location rather than building expensive sets and shooting on studio sound stages.

Before Sa'id hit town the trouble with this solution was that it changed only the place of shooting. The methods remained the same. A company went on location exactly as companies have done for years. Convoys of trucks spent days carrying heavy studio equipment. Crews held stubbornly to the time-consuming procedures of the sound stage. A company might have saved on set construction and studio costs by going on location. On the other hand, it paid as much or more for time and manpower. That key problem is what Sa'id is solving.

Making movies this way was like trying to manufacture a new product in an old factory. The thing to do instead was to start a new factory. Sa'id began designing some "studios" of his own. He engineered them to make location shooting fast, efficient and cheap. Then he put them on wheels, ready to go anywhere on instant notice. Today he has 18 such "studios." He calls them Cinemobiles, and he rents them out for prices ranging from $225 to $1500 per day, the rate depending on their size and equipment.

In 1970 producers of more than 70 feature films and many TV segments used Cinemobiles. That's nearly three out of four of all American feature films made during that year for release. The Godfather, with Marlon Brando, and the John Wayne film, The Cowboys, were filmed with Cinemobiles.

This acceptance of radical change is a clear indication that Fouad Sa'id has done a good deal more than merely build his better studio.

You don't have to be with Sa'id long to see how totally he is sold on using Cinemobiles. He despises waste and inefficiency in Hollywood.

"They don't want to change!" he explodes, teeth gritting, his arms sweeping the Hollywood panorama before him. "The people out there had it too good for too long. They learned to do things a certain way. Now if something new comes they fight every inch of the way. Even when you save them money. They look at your figures, then look you in the eye and say 'We don't want to experiment.' They are afraid!

"My company is successful, yes. What people don't know is how hard we have to sell. It is not easy for one man like myself to take on a whole industry and say 'I am going to change this industry.' The workmen and their little bosses say my system cuts jobs. Sure it does. What the guys won't see is that saving money with my system eventually will mean more pictures and therefore more jobs in the long run. It's a one-man crusade."

In a way Sa'id has been working toward his goal since childhood. At the time of his birth in Cairo in 1935 his uncle owned and operated the Pyramid Studio in Cairo. Fouad's father died shortly after his son's birth, and Fouad lived with his uncle next door to the studio. Young Fouad had free run of the sets during his growing years. Inquisitive even then, the little boy soon had a technical understanding of cameras, lights, sound, film and movie-making in general. By the time he was in high school, he was working after hours and during vacations at his uncle's studio.

The jump to America came when a U.S. director brought stars Robert Taylor and Eleanor Parker to Cairo in 1953 to film a picture called Valley of the Kings. Surtees planned to use an Egyptian crew. Young

Sa'id, then not quite 18, was at the head of the line when hiring started. He got a job keeping the cameras loaded with film. He was all over the place when shooting began. By the time Valley of the Kings was wrapped up he had caught Surtees' eye. The director helped him in emigrating to America and enrolling in the University of Southern California cinematography program.

Sa'id helped meet his expenses by working in Hollywood studios as part of the university's work-study program. He explored still further through summer-long work-visits to the studios of Europe and Japan. He got into those studios by writing letters ahead, stating that he was a student and wanted to observe foreign movie techniques.

Sa'id first sensed the "progress gap" in American moviemaking when he returned from his studies abroad. Instead of interest in the changes he had noted, Hollywood was indifferent.

"I was just another 'punk kid,'" he remembers. "They laughed at me. They were using heavy lights you don't need with today's fast film, and the big old Mitchell cameras instead of the light, compact models. Things like that. And when I asked why, they answered, 'Because that's the way it's done here.' 'But the new way is so much better,' I would point out. 'Couldn't we at least try?' And they would laugh again. 'Look, son, you can't beat 30 years of experience,' they would say. 'You can't throw all that away for something nobody knows anything about.' So I had to do it their way or shut up."

"I was absolutely shocked at how backward we were in Hollywood compared with the Europeans and the Japanese," he says now. "For instance, we still built expensive sets, like a duplicate of a living room, instead of just shooting the real thing. Well, a set like that costs $30,000 to

create on a sound stage. Yet I can rent a room as a set for $100 per day. Why were we not doing that in the 50's and 60's? Because the studios were still keeping the bulky old equipment of the 1930's, clumsy gear you couldn't get through the door."

Helping Hollywood to compete was what Sa'id had in mind. In 1964, he finally formed his ideas for the first Cinemobile. With his own money he built an experimental model. Unfortunately, engineering problems proved impossible, and the project faced failure. Producer Sheldon Leonard came to the rescue with a personal loan to help finance a replacement. The new Cinemobile worked and Leonard promptly rented it.

The results were sensational. Leonard reduced his crews from 18 men to 11 and cut on-location costs by a third. As the word about that got around, the Cinemobile family of trucks got bigger to meet the growing demand. By 1968 "Fouad Sa'id Productions" vans were being used on a dozen low-budget TV feature films and on TV series as well. The Big Change was on its way.

At this point Sa'id decided it was time to go major league. He went after producers of the high-budgeted Hollywood feature movies. For this he needed more complete Cinemobiles. To get them he merged Fouad Sa'id Productions with another company. The deal gave Sa'id $5.1 million in stock. It also made him president of Cinemobile Systems, which replaced Fouad Sa'id Productions.

Much of Sa'id's time as company president is spent with his Cinemobiles on actual locations. He flies or drives to those sites at least once on every rental. He insists on seeing with his own eyes how they are doing, what can be improved, how the production crews are reacting to the facilities.

"This is the only way I can stay on top of what we have done so far," he explains. "Remember, I am still trying to convert people to a system some of them don't want. They are looking for things to go wrong. I want to beat them to the draw. That's why I go out and talk, myself, with the guys who are doing the work -- the grips, the gaffers (electricians), the assistant directors, the cameramen. Always we are looking for ways to change, to modernize, to improve.

LEVI STRAUSS

Levi Strauss was a 20-year-old German-Jewish immigrant in 1850. In New York he watched clipper ships leaving for the journey around Cape Horn to the West Coast. Young men crowded onto the clippers. It wasn't long before young Strauss told his relatives that he couldn't stand their safe, settled life any longer. He wanted to seek his fortune in the rough, rich West.

Levi Strauss's largest and most valuable item of luggage was a big bundle of tough canvas cloth. This cloth had come from his brother's dry-goods store. His plan was to sell the cloth to wagon owners for wagon covers. He also thought he might sell some to miners for tents. He was going to use the money for prospecting supplies and for transportation to the gold fields.

On a wet, windy day in 1850, Levi's ship docked at San Francisco. The wide-eyed, round-faced Easterner lugged his belongings to the first make-shift lodging place he could find. On the ship he had sold enough of the canvas to have money for a few days.

Levi was very friendly and was soon talking to miners in the center of town. Strauss told one prospector about the canvas for tents and wagon covers.

"Well," the miner said, "you should've brought pants, a whole big bundle of pants."

"Why pants?" asked the New Yorker.

"Because pants don't wear worth a hoot up in the diggin's. You can't get a pair out here strong enough to last no time at all."

That night Levi Strauss thought about what the miner had said. The next morning with a roll of his canvas, he and the miner went to a

tailor. "Make a pair of pants out of this fabric to fit my friend here," he told the tailor.

There is a story that the tent canvas was so tough the tailor had to punch holes in it with an ice pick before he could sew it. One way or another, the man made the pants. Levi's new friend was delighted with them. He went all over San Francisco bragging about "these pants of Levi's, which is the strongest ever a man pulled up his legs." Other miners looked at the pants. They said they were perfect for the life of gold mining, and almost mobbed Strauss to get some "Levi's." Strauss sent an urgent message to his brothers in New York to "buy up every yard of canvas and duck and the like you can get your hands on, and keep on buying it," and to ship it to him as quickly as they could.

Levi Strauss never got to the gold fields. He got rich right there in San Francisco, selling his heavy-duty pants. A few months after he had arrived he opened a store - "Levi's," of course. In three years every tailor and seamstress in the San Francisco area was working for Levi's. Cowboys, finding the canvas pants ideal for tough saddle wear, joined the miners in demanding them.

Before long Strauss switched from canvas to a heavy, tough, cotton fabric originally made in France. The fabric came to be known as "denim." At first it came in three colors -- light blue, gray, and brown. Pieces of the same color were seldom dyed exactly the same shade. Strauss didn't like that. He demanded a standard color. It was a new blue which could be depended upon for color quality. This blue denim, believed to be the strongest in the world, has been used in the standard Levi's ever since.

A tough old Nevada prospector named Alkali Ike used to stuff jagged ore samples into his back pockets. The seams at the pocket corners ripped

out, so Ike complained about the "weak pockets" on his Levi's. He complained to Jake Davis of Virginia City. It had happened many times before. Davis yanked the pants from the prospector, took them to the blacksmith, and had the pocket corners riveted to the pants with black-iron square nails. It was done mostly as a joke, but it made Alkali rip-proof and he liked it.

The next time Jake Davis was in San Francisco he went to Levi's for a stock of pants, and he told Strauss about Alkali Ike's rip-proof pockets.

Levi listened thoughtfully. "That's a fine idea," he said, "but I believe a copper rivet that wouldn't rust or stain the fabric would do the job better." It did - and the pockets on Levi's have been riveted ever since. Strauss paid Davis for the idea and made him a production manager. They took out a patent on strengthening pants with copper rivets.

As the years passed, Levi's were worn by lumberjacks, farmers, railroaders, construction men, and oil drillers, as well as miners and cowboys. The Strauss company's trademark shows two horses trying to pull apart a pair of Levi's. The company's guarantee, "A New Pair If They Rip," was offered in the early years, too - but sometime after the days of Alkali Ike!

The journals kept by "new Westerners" in the latter half of the 19th century refer to the use of Levi's not only as clothing but in surprising ways: as a "healing charm" around the neck of a sick cow; as a horse blanket; as a tow rope; as stuffing for log cabin cracks; and to tie up a thief. One day in 1899 a pair of Levi's was used for a train coupling. Soaked in a water tank and then twisted into a rope, the pair

of jeans tied an old woodburning engine to seven cars loaded with logs. It held the train together for a several-mile run which included two steep hills.

Levi Strauss never married. In 1890 he took Jacob, Sigmund, Louie, and Abraham Stern, the sons of his only sister, Mrs. David Stern, into the company. Levi loved San Francisco and the company he founded. With the exception of a trip to his native Bavaria (part of Germany) in 1874, he seldom left them for long. He was still the president of Levi Strauss & Company at the time of his death in September 1902 at 73. Several times a millionaire, he gave much of his wealth to charitable organizations. He established twenty-eight scholarships at the University of California. His will provided for three orphanages, one each for Jewish, Roman Catholic, and Protestant children.

After Levi Strauss's death, Jacob Stern became president of the Strauss company. Today, two of the founder's great-grandnephews, serve as its chief executives. The company is still in San Francisco, in a building near the site of the first Levi Strauss building. There are presently 33 factories across the country making Levi's products. The sales are more than $325,000,000 each year.

Levi Strauss would be pleased to know that history credits his pants with helping to develop the West. He would be still more pleased to know that, through the years, Levi's of finer fabrics and lighter colors have become favorites with well-dressed sports enthusiasts, vacationers, engineers, theatrical people, and students -- female as well as male; Levi Strauss himself preferred to wear fancier duds than the rugged jeans that made him famous!

JIMMIE CAPASSO

"What the teacher say, Jimmie, when she talk to you?" Jimmie Capasso blushed, and in response to his father's question shrugged his shoulders and mumbled, "Oh, nothing."

His brother, Louis, 11 years of age, in whose eyes Jimmie was some important fellow, piped up, "The teacher said that Jimmie was a bright boy and he ought to go on to high school."

A smile on Mr. Capasso's face changed to a frown. The mother bending over the stove looked up with interest. Her husband repeated in Italian what the teacher had said. Her dark eyes sparkled as she went over to Jimmie and patted his shoulder. She said in broken English, "You good boy." She was a thin, little woman who was the mother of seven children. The task of keeping this large family going had kept her in the house most of her life, so, though living in America for sixteen years, she spoke very little English. Jimmie, quite conscious of her foreign appearance, had still insisted that she attend his graduation from 9th grade. He had rushed up to her and shown her his name on the diploma.

Mr. Capasso enjoyed a glass of wine with his meals. Of late years, he could only afford it on rare occasions. There was wine tonight. The spaghetti was also a special treat. Their usual meal was bread and beans. The children crowded eagerly around the small table and using their hands as much as they did their forks, pushed the food into

their mouths.

"I wish Jimmie could graduate every day," sputtered Antoinette, her mouth full of uncurling spaghetti.

"Graduatin' don't get him nothin', -- he got to get a job first," replied Ralph, a bit jealous of the attention being shown his older brother. "And he don't want to work, neither," he added. "I bet when I get through that darned old school you don't catch me goin' on to high school!"

The father wiped the tomato sauce from his mouth with the back of his hairy hand and said, "That's a good boy, Ralph. When you get through school, we have plenty money, macaroni every day, and a barrel of wine in the cellar."

Tears filled Jimmie's eyes as he listened to the conversation. This celebration was being given in his honor, and he was the least happy of them all. In the school he had dared dream of going on to high school. That was past. Now he was up against stern reality. He couldn't express his feelings, but he felt the red wine was symbolic of sacrifice. He was sure that his father was counting on the money he would get from his first job to pay for the wine.

. . . "What's the matter you, Jimmie, you want to go to school? Sixteen years I work pick and shovel, three dollar a day. Who goin' to buy clothes for the children? You big now, you fifteen. What's the matter you want more school? No more school; you get job." The wine of the night before had not helped Mr. Capasso's disposition. Jimmie dipped the coarse chunks of bread into the partly sweetened coffee which was his breakfast, and listened to his father in silence. Getting up from the table, he stepped into the cold of a February morning and

went to look for his first job.

Always shy, preferring reading to mixing with other boys, Jimmie did not have a good chance for a job. He also resented not being allowed to go to high school. This was graduation week. Thousands of boys all over Chicago were eagerly searching for work.

There were a dozen boys in the waiting room of the first place he went. It was a candy factory on Harrison Street. Most of the boys were bragging about the jobs they had had and quite sure of themselves. Jimmie sat in the corner of the room feeling very much out of place. After an hour a man came out and said, "Not hiring any boys this morning." On Van Buren Street he saw a card, "Boy Wanted," hanging in a window. He quietly opened the door and faced a girl sitting behind a telephone switchboard. "What do you want?" she asked.

Jimmie hesitated, started to speak, but had to clear his throat before a sound came. "Do you want a boy?" he asked in a whisper.

"How old are you?" questioned the girl.

"Fift . . . , sixteen," stemmered Jimmie.

The girl pushed a switch and spoke into a mouthpiece. "Mr. Mills, here's a little Italian kid applying for the job . . . Yes, sir, just a minute," and turning to Jimmie, "Where do you live?"

"Bunker Street, 558, in the back."

The girl spoke into the telephone again. Then she said, "No, sir, I don't think he is." Turning to Jimmie, she said, "The boss says you are too young."

Putting his cap on, Jimmie passed out of the door.

It was nearly noon when he sneaked up the alley, like one who has committed a crime. He slipped into the shelter of his poor home. The

four older children were at school. His mother, taking little Angelo with her, had gone to a neighbor's to tell about Jimmie's graduation. Jimmie was at home alone. He lay face down on a bed, tired, disappointed, and discouraged. The thing he had looked forward to for years was not to be his. All but two of his graduating class had gone on to high school. He was the brightest of the boys, but he couldn't go.

Walking over to the cupboard he took from a shelf the picture of his graduating class. As he put the picture back he saw his father's revolver. Taking it down, he handled it nervously. Stories of hold-ups came to him, -- that boy they called "Casey," who had held up the man on the North Side and got away with it. He had tied a cloth over his face so the man couldn't tell who he was. Taking one of the cloths from the line drying over the stove, Jimmie tied it over his face and went through the antics of a hold-up man. He looked in the piece of broken glass over the sink and was surprised to see the change the mask made in his appearance. "Stick 'em up!" he whispered, brandishing the gun, "Hand over that wad! . . . That's the way to get the bucks. If I only had the guts to hold up some guy, I could tell them I found it, and then I could go to high school. Stick 'em up!" he commanded, this time feeling a bit more confident. Crash went the gun! The explosion in the small closed room was deafening. The revolver fell to the floor. The bold hold-up man of a minute before was now a much-frightened boy. Tearing the cloth from his face, he opened the cellar door and flung the gun down into the darkness, and later hid it.

Jimmie's attempts to get work were not working. He would start out every morning, go to one or two places asking for work, then sneak back to his home. He had gone three times to the candy factory on

Harrison Street, and felt that it was useless going there again. One of the boys suggested trying the downtown stores. The first one he went to got him all excited. They gave him an application blank to fill out and he was sure he had a job at last. He wrote his name and address, then spent almost an hour answering only a few of the questions asked. As he handed it to the girl at the window, she said without looking up, "We'll notify you when we need you." At the next store, he was given another blank. He realized then that filling out an application blank didn't always mean a job. It was often just a convenient way of saying, "We don't want you."

As the days passed and he found no work, his father became more angry. Jimmie dreaded his return from work each evening. His mother would warn Jimmie at the approach, and he would drop the book he was reading and slip out a side door. One day, Mr. Capasso came home earlier than usual and caught Jimmie reading. He was convinced by this time that his son was lazy and that he didn't want to work. "What's the matter you, Jimmie?" he raved. "Your mother all the time cry. Antoinette no got shoes. You eat, sleep, no can find work. All the time read book. You good-for-nothin' bum." His father had called him a bum. That night Jimmie slept little. He sensed every toss and groan of his two brothers sleeping in the bed with him. He would get a job in the morning or not come back home.

He heard his mother start the fire. It was dark when he got out of bed and put his shoes on -- he had slept in his clothes. He left the house before his father was awake. The temperature was down near zero. A strong wind was sweeping in from the lake. Jimmie got as far as Canal Street. He lost some of his determination. He knew he could

not face those employers again and ask for work. And he was cold. He'd go back and get warm and start out a little later. As he approached the house, he saw his father dimly through the ice-coated windows of the kitchen. He hadn't the courage to go in and face him. A gust of wind hit him. He stumbled down the steps into the dark cellar out of biting cold.

He couldn't get a job and he didn't even have the "guts" to be a bandit. If he could only have gone to high school! In a corner he found the gun where he had hidden it under some old boards. As he picked it up, the door leading to the kitchen opened. His mother came down the stairs. He crouched, hardly daring to breathe. He could hear his father cursing in Italian because he didn't get a job. His mother returned to the kitchen with an armful of wood and closed the door.

The boys had said that a bullet in the heart just took you off like nothing. You never felt it. What was the use of living? He could picture himself lying in a casket near the kitchen window. There would be flowers and candles. All the people from the street would come in to look at him. His father would be sorry, then, that he wouldn't let him go to high school. And he wouldn't have to look for a job. Placing the muzzle of the gun against the place on his sweater where he could feel his heart beating, he pulled the trigger. There was a loud sound which seemed a long way off. His side felt numb. He threw the gun from him. A stinging pain went through his chest. It felt as though someone was holding a red-hot poker against his bare flesh. The pain increased with every breath. He crawled on his hands and knees carefully up the stone steps and out into the cold air. His head was dizzy and things seemed blurred. He must get a job or his father would hit him now. If

the pain would only give him a break. He rested for a minute, in the narrow passage between the two buildings. Then with a burst of courage he started down Bunker Street toward downtown for the second time that morning.

A trolley passed as he neared Canal Street. It seemed to be floating in air. Dimly he saw the outline of the clock tower on the freight station. He tried to tell the time, but spots of light took the place of numbers. He reached out and held on to a lamp post. "If only I could get a job," he sobbed, and slid down on the cold pavement, unconscious.

At the County Hospital, the doctor who extracted the bullet said that Jimmie had a good chance to recover. But Jimmie didn't want to get well. Recovery for him meant looking for a job which he couldn't find. He lay there not caring. There was a scene when his parents came in to see him. "You Jimmie, why you kill yourself?" reproached his father. "Everything I do for you. Today I no work, I lose three dollars." His mother wrung her hands and moaned. Going over to Jimmie, she kissed him and kept repeating in Italian, "My big boy, why you kill yourself?" The nurse, fearing the effects of the excitement, ushered them out.

INSTRUCTIONS TO STUDENTS

During June of 1975 the United States was faced with the problem of what should be done with about 130,000 Vietnamese refugees. At that time some refugees had already been settled in the United States. Many of these had friends or relatives already living here. In addition, these first refugees were mostly well-educated. Most spoke English and had important job skills. Not all Vietnamese refugees, however, were like these first arrivals.

There tended to be two general types of refugees. The first type was made up of well-trained, middle-class Vietnamese. Most of these people spoke English. Many were doctors, nurses, lawyers, and businessmen. There were also many who had worked for the U.S. government, the U.S. military, or U.S. companies.

The second type of refugees consisted of poorly-educated peasant families. These people had left Vietnam because they feared what might happen to them under a communist government. Most of them could not speak English. Many had no job skills. And sometimes their families were large, including grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc.

Other refugees had recently come to the United States. In 1956 Hungarian Freedom Fighters came to this country. And during the 1960s about 600,000 Cubans came to the United States. The Vietnamese, however, are the first Asian refugees to come to this country since World War II.

Congress voted to provide 400 million dollars to help resettle the Vietnamese refugees. When they first arrived in the U.S., the refugees were housed in refugee camps. A sponsor had to be found for each Vietnamese or Vietnamese family. Sponsors could be families,

churches, or other groups. They had to promise to help the refugees. They were to help them with food, housing, and jobs. The sponsors were to be responsible for the refugees until they became self-supporting. After a sponsor had been found, the refugees were allowed to move from the camp.

Many people did not know what should be done with the Vietnamese refugees. Some suggested they should not be resettled in "Vietnamese colonies." These people thought the refugees should be "spread out" throughout the United States. Other people feared that the refugees would take jobs away from Americans. This was a serious fear at that time. Many Americans were unemployed during the summer of 1975. Some people thought the refugees should give up their "foreign ways" as quickly as possible. Others felt that some ways should be found to help the Vietnamese keep parts of their culture.

As a member of a State Vietnamese Resettlement Committee, your responsibility is to recommend steps to be taken in the following areas:

1. Education
   - What should Vietnamese refugee children be taught? How should they be taught? Who should teach them?
   - What educational programs should there be for adult Vietnamese refugees? Why?
   - Should any "special" educational programs be started for Vietnamese refugees? If so, what kinds?

2. Employment

- How should Vietnamese refugees be placed in jobs?
- Should Vietnamese doctors, lawyers, businessmen be allowed to work at the same jobs in the United States? Should they be required to get extra training? Should they have to pass a test?
- What kinds of jobs should the Vietnamese be placed in?
- What can be done to help those refugees with few job skills?

3. Location, Housing, Family Services

- Should refugees be concentrated in certain areas or should they be spread out?
- Are there some places where refugees might be more welcome than other places? If so, where?
- How can housing be provided for some of the larger Vietnamese families at low cost?
- What can be done to help the refugees to get medical and dental care?